

E D W I N, ¹⁰ K..

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A N D

E M M A.



BIRMINGHAM:

Printed by JOHN BASKERVILLE,

for A. MILLAR in the Strand.

MDCCLX. 1st

E D W I N

E M M A

BIRMINGHAM

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217



E D W I N,

A N D

E M M A.

I.

FA R in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage stood.

II.

There beauteous *Emma* flourish'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

III.

The softest blush that Nature spreads
 Gave color to her cheek:
 Such orient color smiles thro heaven,
 When *May's* sweet mornings break.

IV.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
 This charmer of the plains:
 That sun, who bids *their* diamond blaze,
 To paint *our* lilly deigns.

V.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
 Each maiden with despair;
 And tho by all a wonder own'd,
 Yet knew not she was fair.

Till

VI.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul that knew no art;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

VII.

A mutual flame was quickly caught;
Was quickly too reveal'd:
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

VIII.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His

IX.

His Sister, who, like *Envy* form'd,
 Like *her* in mischief joy'd,
 To work them harm, with wicked skill,
 Each darker art employ'd.

X.

The Father too, a fordid man,
 Who love nor pity knew,
 Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
 From whence his riches grew.

XI.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
 And seen it long unmov'd:
 Then with a father's frown at last
 Had sternly disapprov'd.

In

XII.

In *Edwin's* gentle heart, a war
Of differing passions strove:
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

XIII.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading haw thorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where *Emma* walk'd and wept.

XIV.

Oft too on *Stanemore's* wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight-shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight-mourner stray'd.

His

XV.

His cheek, where health with beauty
 A deadly pale o'ercaft: (glow'd,
 So fades the fresh rofe in its prime,
 Before the northern blaft.

XVI.

The parents now, with late remorse,
 Hung o'er his dying bed;
 And weary'd heaven with fruitless vows,
 And fruitless sorrow shed.

XVII.

'Tis paft! he cry'd—— but if your fouls
 Sweet mercy yet can move,
 Let thefe dim eyes once more behold,
 What they muft ever love!

She

XVIII.

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning-dews appear.

XIX.

But oh! his sister's jealous care
A cruel Sister she!
Forbade what *E M M A* came to say;
"My *E D W I N* live for me."

XX.

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

B

Amid

XXI.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
 Her startling fancy found
 In every bush his hovering shade,
 His groan in every sound.

XXII.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she past
 The visionary vale——
 When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
 Sad-founding in the gale!

XXIII.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
 Her aged mother's door——
 He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see
 That angel-face no more!

XXIV.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side——
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shivering figh'd, and died.

T H E E N D.

E. D. W. F. W. and E. M. M. A.

XXIV.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart

Beat high against my forehead

From her white arm down sunk her head

She shivering and died.



XXV.

T. M. F. and E. W. D.

XXVI.

Extract of a letter from the Curate of Bowes
in Yorkshire, on the subject of the pre-
ceding poem.

To Mr. Copperthwaite at Marrick.

Worthy Sir,

* * * As to the affair mentioned in yours; it hap-
pened long before my time. I have therefore been
obliged to consult my clerk, and another person in the
neighbourhood for the truth of that melancholy event.
The history of it is as follows.

THE family name of the young man was *Wrightson*;
of the young maiden *Railton*. They were both
much of the same age; that is growing up to twenty.
In their birth was no disparity: but in fortune, alas!
she was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who
had by his toil acquired a handsome competency, ex-
pected and required that his son should marry sui-
tably. But, as *amor vincit omnia*, his heart was unal-
terably fixed on the pretty young creature already
named. Their courtship, which was all by stealth, un-
known to the family, continued about a year. When
it was found out, old *Wrightson*, his wife, and particu-
larly their crooked daughter *Hannah*, flouted at the
maiden and treated her with notable contempt. For
they held it as a maxim, and a rustic one it is, that
blood was nothing without *groats*.

The

The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about *Shrove-tuesday*, and died the funday fennight after.

On the last day of his illness, he desired to see his Mistress. She was civilly received by the Mother; who bid her welcome — when it was too late. But her daughter *Hannah* lay at his back; to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts.

At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, she screamed aloud that her heart was burst, and expired some moments after.

The then Curate of **Bowes* inserted it in his register, that they both died of love, and were buried in the same grave, March 15. 1714. I am,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

* *Bowes* is a small village in *Yorkshire*, where in former ages the Earls of *Richmond* had a castle. . It stands on the edge of that vast and mountainous tract, named by the neighbouring people *Stanemore*; which is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and solitary throughout. *Camb. Brit.*

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

AS the profits, if any, that may arise from the sale of this little poem, are intended for a charitable use; it is hoped that the writers and compilers of our periodical papers will not reprint it in any of their collections. But they are, at the same time, left at full liberty to speak of it, either with applause or blame, as they shall judge it deserving of either.

The following lines, from SHAKESPEAR'S *Twelfth Night*, may very properly stand as a motto to it. The Duke, who is passionately in Love with OLIVIA, having desired some music to soothe his melancholy, thus addresses the person who is to entertain him,

————— *The song we had last night* ———

and then, turning to his friend,

Mark it, CESARIO, it is true and plain:

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,

And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,

Do use to chant it. It is silly Sooth,

And dallies with the innocence of love,

Like the old age.

ADVERTISEMENT.

As the profits, if any, that may arise from the sale of this little poem are intended for a charitable use; it is hoped that the writers and compilers of our periodical papers will not regard it in any of their collections. But they are, at the same time, left at full liberty to speak of it either with applause or blame, as they shall judge it deserving of either.

The following lines, from SHAKESPEARE'S *Twelfth Night*, may very properly stand as a motto to it. The Duke, who is passionately in love with the Countess, addressing some music to her, says, "O, that I were a bird of heaven, that I might have seen thee here!"

The Countess, in answer, says,

and then, turning to the Duke,

Alas, that I should ever see thee here!

The Duke, in answer, says,

And the first music that I heard when I was born,

Do go to change it. If I hear it soon,

And believe with the innocency of love,

I like the old age.

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